What happens in the Dark

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Summary: My cousin wanted me to write her a story with a character that she made who has taken a strong liking to the new Arbiter Thel 'Vadamee . Discontinued.

What happens in the Dark

Chapter One: POWs

The silence that followed the group of marines as they escorted the newly caught POWs was unbearable. As they passed by certain cells, the covenant troops gave sympathetic looks towards the two Sangheili, three Unggoy, and two Mgalekgolo. They stopped at a cell towards the end that contained one Unggoy.

"Get in there." The marine said, opening the cell.

He slammed the door as the Unggoy barely got their methane tanks in. They pushed the Mgalekgolo into the empty cell beside that and finally they put the Sangheili in the cell with the others of their kind. Then they left.

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"When we joined the covenant, we took an oath!" The silver armored Sangheili said.

"According to our station, all without exception, even to our dying breath." The others replied back.

"Hey, stop that!" A Hispanic type voice said. All the covenant troops in the cells looked to see an Mgalekgolo trying to lick the marine.

"What's the problem, Private?" The Sergeant asked walking into the room.

"The damn hunter is trying to lick me!"

Sergeant Johnson shook his head and laughed while taking a deep drag from his cigar.

"Now you know there's no tongue on the first date, Marine." He laughed.

The Marine sighed as the Hunter left sticky saliva sliding down his cheek. It felt like slug slime against his face.

"He he. Okay get back into the cell. You've had your fun." Johnson said, patting the large alien's arm and pushing him back into the cell block. The Mgalekgolo gave a small whimper like that of a puppy when no one wants to play with it.

"Yeah, Yeah I know." Johnson replied "But all Hunters have to return to their cell after 'kissing' their â€¦ehâ€¦husband." The Sergeant Major started laughing again after locking the jail cell's door.

"Awww Sarge, that wasn't funny."

"It was to me." Johnson said, now serious. "You got a problem with that?"

The Marine, still shaken up by the Mgalekgolo kiss, quickly stood at attention and Saluted.

"No Sir!"

Johnson smirked slightly, tossed the keys back to the private, and walked out the door.

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Tif'Nay 'Monfee always wanted to serve under the newly made Arbiter, Thel 'Vadamee, which was very hard because she was an honor guard. She had many male companions that worked with her. She tried to think of a way to get to the Arbiter.

"Are you okay?" A deep voice came from behind her shaking her from her thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm Fine." She said, as the tall, male, Sangheili sat down next to her. This was her ex-mate, Toshir 'Hisuree.

"Are you sure, Tif'Nay? You seem very upset." Toshir said a little sadness in his voice.

Tif'Nay sighed angrily and shook her head violently. "I told you I'm fine! God leave me alone!" She stood up and stomped out of the Methane room. Her hoofs made a heavy echo as they hit the metal that covered the corridors.

Toshir shook his head. He was hurt. She had broke his heart many cycles ago and he still wanted to be there for her the same was he was those cycles ago. He hung his head down sadly.

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